

Our Fourfooted Friends

AND HOW WE TREAT THEM

EDITED BY MRS. HUNTINGTON SMITH

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CONTENTS

	Page		Page
What Humane Workers are Doing	2	Humane Education	7
For Younger Readers	3	Care of Our Useful Friends	10
League News and Notes	13		



LEX

Owned by Judge R. O. Harris

[See Page 4]



WHAT HUMANE WORKERS ARE DOING



The best thing we have to record at the beginning of the year 1909 is Article 7 in the new traffic rules, particularly the sections which, if observed, will save a great deal of suffering now endured by mankind and the other animals. Possibly some of our readers may not know what a good work has been done by the Board of Street Commissioners, so we will quote a few important sections:

Sect. 1. No person shall drive or conduct any vehicle in such condition or so constructed or so loaded as to be likely to cause delay in traffic or accident or injury to man, beast or property.

Sect. 4. No person shall carry, or cause to be carried, on any vehicle in any public street, a load the weight of which exceeds six tons, unless such load consists of an article which cannot be divided, except in accordance with a permit from the Board of Street Commissioners.

Sect. 5. No person when driving a vehicle with a horse or horses attached thereto shall cease from holding the reins in his hands to guide and restrain the same, nor, when not riding, cease from walking by the head of the shaft or wheel horse, either holding or keeping within reach of the bridle or halter thereof.

Sect. 6. No one shall so load a vehicle with iron or other material that may strike together without properly deadening it so that it will cause no unnecessary noise.

Sect. 7. No one shall drive a public, numbered, licensed or business vehicle who is less than sixteen years of age.

Sect. 8. No one shall drive a horse not in every respect fit for use and capable for the work on which it is employed and free from lameness or sores or any vice or disease likely to cause delay in traffic or accident or injury to person or property.

Sect. 9. No one shall ill treat, overload, overdrive or cruelly or unnecessarily beat any horse.

Sect. 10. No one shall crack or so use a whip as to annoy, interfere with or endanger any person or excite any horse other than that which he is using.

Sect. 11. No one shall steal a ride upon any vehicle or street car, and no one shall ride upon the rear of any vehicle without the consent of the person in charge thereof.

We call attention particularly to Sections 7, 8, 9 and 10. We often see boys who are apparently under sixteen years of age, driving grocer and market wagons, and it does not reflect credit on the many Bands of Mercy that have been formed to see that in nine cases out of ten these boys drive with a whip and urge the horses to their utmost speed. Boys as a general thing are hard drivers and sometimes

seriously injure the horses they drive by their unmerciful treatment of old and feeble horses that they force beyond their strength. If the horses are old and of no special value, the men who own them do not care and it now remains for the public to observe horses and their drivers more carefully and call upon the police to enforce the excellent new rules relating to them.

Section 8 is repeatedly and constantly violated. Let anyone with half an eye stand in Park Square or at the South Station, or on Tremont Street at South End half an hour and count the lame horses and horses that certainly are not fit for the work they are doing. All over the city these miserable horses may be seen by any one who is willing to see, but there are eyes that will not see and ears that will not hear, though hundreds of old, feeble, half-starved, overloaded horses may come within their vision every week.

Passing through Park Square about seven o'clock one evening recently I saw an overloaded horse who had stopped for a breathing space and could not get started. Two young men were behind him and they had beaten him with the strap of one rein until his side was marked with blood. I stopped and remonstrated. Several newsboys and half a dozen loafers from a nearby barroom laughed at me and made sport of my attempt to find out the name of the owner of the team, which was a wholesale liquor wagon. In a little fruit store nearby was a telephone and the proprietor allowed me to use it. As soon as the men and boys saw me at the telephone they made a great effort, started the liquor wagon and drove off. A notable part of this incident was that out of at least a dozen newsboys and loafers, besides several men and women passing by to whom I appealed, not one of them would consent to help me by giving their names as witnesses of the condition of the horse.

Jennie B. Powers, active agent of the Keene Humane Society, heard of a wretched old horse on a farm owned by Edward Cota. She went to his place one day to look after the horse in question, but in the meantime it had been traded

for another one, which, evidently, was in worse condition than the first, being old, thin and diseased. Hens and chickens in the barn, were around the horse, picking and biting at running sores upon both its forward feet. Apparently the horse had been worked right along, as it had on new shoes. Mrs. Powers led it out and shot it without delay. Her next move was to look up the parties with whom Cota traded, and it is expected that developments will follow before long. One of the animal's ring-bones was unusually large and Mrs. Powers cut off the foot to be used as evidence, if necessary, and as an addition to her collection of specimens.

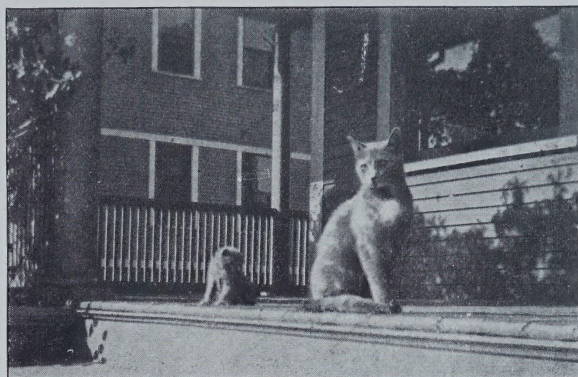
An Overshoe for Horses

The humanitarian instincts of Mrs. George Westinghouse and her great love for horses has resulted in her husband interesting himself in the manufacture of an overshoe for horses which, it is hoped, will result in lessening the percentage of lame animals through preventing horses slipping on wet or icy streets. Arrangements have been completed by A. G. Uptegraff, of Pittsfield, Mass., for the formation of a company to erect a large manufactory for horse overshoes. Mr. Westinghouse, it is said, has agreed to finance the concern one-third. George N. Kinnell, a veterinary surgeon of Pittsfield, Mass., inventor of the overshoe, will be president of the concern, while Mr. Uptegraff will act as vice-president and treasurer. Last summer when Mrs. Westinghouse was at her husband's summer home in Erskine Park, Lenox, she saw two horses running over a wet asphalt pavement with chain devices on their feet. Mrs. Westinghouse ordered her stable fitted out with the "overshoes," and finding that Dr. Kinnell was father of the idea sent for him. She promised that as soon as she could see that the overshoe worked properly on slippery and icy streets she would urge her husband to assist in forming a company to help in their manufacture.

Pause where apart the fallen sparrow lies,
And lightly tread:
For there the pity of a Father's eyes
Enshrines the dead.

— John B. Tabb.

FOR YOUNGER READERS



TOOTSEY AND HER KITTEN

The Story of Tootsey

Would you think, to look at this prosperous kit, with her fat little one beside her, that she was a product of the 1907 panic?

Well, here is her story, and you will see that a little kindness to a stray cat gave the greatest happiness to the one who extended the timely aid.

The writer, a spinster of a rather melancholy disposition, having had great sorrows for some years, was laid off from work in the city of New York, with other employees, when the financial panic came.

Hoping to be taken on again soon, she remained in her two room apartment, paying expenses from the saved money she had.

One night she heard the loud cries of a cat in distress and for two days they continued. After innumerable trips up and down four pairs of stairs and through a dark basement to the back court, she succeeded in enticing the morsel of a kitten from its retreat in a pile of lumber. From the loud and piercing cries she had heard she thought it must be a large cat, but such a tiny, thin weak little thing crept out and perched on her hand, that her heart melted in pity. She took the kit into her house and heart, and for the three months of enforced idleness that followed, with the savings dwindling every day, that kit kept her from giving up entirely. With its antics and jokes, its affection and its cunningness, it cheered many a lonely day, and

sleepless night. When she packed up and went to Springfield, Mass., to take work there she took Tootsey with her, and moved from room to room, rather than give up her little companion, till now, in a comfortable family house in the Park section where Tootsey can get out on the ground, and where everyone is so kind to her, despite her little cross ways that have developed since she became a mother, we live, once more prosperous and happy.

Tootsey was never a handsome cat, being streaked maltese and buff, but she has a handsome tail, with three buff rings around it, and her kitten adores it, especially when it twitches. Tootsey, for an eastside mongrel cat, has some traits that humans could envy, such as "silence," never crying since the days she used up her voice in yelling for help in the lumber pile. She never teases the people downstairs, when I am away, for anything to eat, never accepts a lunch from them, unless it is put in my room for her. When a kitten she had some very cunning tricks, such as fetching sticks when thrown, sitting in the sink for hours playing with drops of water, as they trickled off her nose, playing hide and seek with me, alternately hiding and then finding me; "writing letters" by walking over the typewriter keys and ringing the bell with her paw.

I have always maintained that her father was an Italian, as the Italians who kept the fruit stand near my New York flat, had a large male cat marked as she is, and that her mother was Irish, because she is so fond of potatoes, both raw and cold.

I have seen many high-priced Angoras but my little Eastside "stray" has put something into my life that has driven the old morbid thoughts away, supplying that intimate affection that any "unattached" person craves for, be it only the love of a cat.

Adopt a kitten, old maid friends, and see if your sad old heart won't forget its troubles many a time. And take a homeless tramp, I recommend, for you can give them more happiness, and thereby receive a double portion yourself. — L. B.

The Big White Policeman*

His name is Lex, and he got it in a funny way. When he was very little the children were

trying to find a name for him. Many names were suggested and rejected because they all wanted one that no other dog had. Finally they carried the puppy to their father and asked him to find a name. Although he was small the puppy had a very wise and dignified look, and father said, "He is a lawyer's dog, and looks wise, why don't you call him Lex?" It pleased the children and Lex he has been from that time. He has grown up with children, loves them, and they all love him. When they are away he is very unhappy, but when they are around him he is very happy and contented. The family have had to carry him with them on their summer excursions, and he has travelled on the cars, in steamboats, and trolley cars, and always behaves well as long as he knows the children are along. His own particular mistress loves to sail a boat, and it is a great delight to go with her. He seems to understand a boat and walks about as carefully as a man does, "keeping in the centre" all the time. When the family are sitting together in the evening he picks out a place where he can watch them all, lies down there and is perfectly quiet. If anybody speaks to him he gives a wag or two of his tail just to show that he is awake and watchful.

He loves the excitement of going to fires. They call him the policeman because he doesn't like a fight, and won't let one go on. He very seldom gets into trouble on his own account, and sometimes seems to be rather cowardly because he avoids a row. When, however, two other dogs get to fighting he rushes in, takes just one and then the other by the neck and separates them, then stands between them. It is like a policeman separating two boys and saying, "Now you two go on home."

As a matter of fact, he is not a bit of a coward, and if attacked becomes very active and fierce until he has the best of it, and then when the trouble is over goes on his way without a sign of anger. He weighs considerably over a hundred pounds and is very powerful.—R. O. Harris.

*See frontispiece.

A subscription to OUR FOUR-FOOTED FRIENDS costs only 50 cents. You do not know how much good you might do by sending the paper to some schoolteacher or library or settlement house. Will you not try it?



MRS. BLANCHE HAMMILL WITH HER PET DOVE DIXIE
AND HER TWO PET CATS

The Little Gleaner

Once there was a little boy who went out to glean in a wheat-field. The harvest was over, but the harvesters had left here and there stray bunches of grain, and as the little boy's mother was poor he was glad to gather them up. He walked about for a long time, but his sheaf was still quite small, and as the sun was going down he saw that he must return home.

"Oh," he said aloud, "how much work it is to get so little! If only every grain of wheat was a grain of gold!"

As he spoke, a grain of wheat fell from its sheath, rolled along the ground, split open, and let out a charming little lady. Her gown was a red poppy flower; she wore the petals of a daisy as a ruffling about her neck; and on her head was a violet. She was the most exquisitely pretty person you ever saw or heard of.

"I am the fairy of the wheat," she said to the little boy in a silvery voice. "I have seen you at work and I would like to do you a favor. The wish you have just uttered shall be accomplished, provided only that you will be good till bedtime. Remember! Not one bad action or one evil thought!" She disappeared, and

the little boy was so overcome with surprise that he could not find words in which to thank her. Could it be true? Every grain a grain of gold! Well, it was worth trying for. So he gathered as large a pile as he could carry, and, it being already late, he hastened rapidly towards home. As he approached the village he met a little girl in charge of a flock of sheep. She was having a great deal of trouble about keeping them together. She ran hither and thither, but some were constantly straying, and one wee lamb was so feeble that she had to carry it in her arms.

"How she does dawdle," said the little boy, as he hurried by. "They'll send some one to help her, I suppose, when they find she doesn't get home. At any rate, I've no time to stop." And so saying, he went quickly on.

When he got home, he put the sheaf of wheat carefully down, that he might not lose any of the golden grain. But his precautions were useless; the wheat was wheat and not a grain was gold.

"The fairy deceived me," said the little boy; and he went to bed in a very ill humor.

The next day he went again to the wheat-field. As soon as he got fairly at work, he heard a rustling sound, and turning, saw the fairy, more bright and winsome than ever.

"Oh, fairy," he cried, "you deceived me! My wheat was wheat and not gold."

The little lady looked at him with a serious expression, and said gravely, —

"Do you remember about the little girl you saw on the way home, trying to drive the sheep? It would have been so easy for you to have given her a little assistance."

The boy blushed and hung his head. It was true. He had behaved very selfishly towards the young shepherdess.

"I will give you another chance," said the fairy. "But remember — the conditions are the same as before," and so saying she again vanished.

The little boy went bravely to work and at sunset he took up his sheaf of wheat and started homewards. On this occasion he had plenty of time, and he made up his mind to help any one who came in his way. But the road was deserted. There was no trace of life except for a little bird singing on the hedge close by.

The boy listened a moment and then picked up a stone and threw it in the direction of the sound. The bird was not hit, but it was greatly frightened, and it flew away with cries of terror.

The little boy went on his way and in due season reached home. Once more he put down his bundle of wheat with the utmost care, but again his precautions were useless. No signs of gold — only wheat came out of the stalks as he rubbed them in his hands. He was now discouraged, and the next day he went back to the field with a heavy heart. What had he done to displease the fairy? Evidently she was making sport of him.

Again the fairy appeared. She looked at him with sorrowful eyes. "A bird was singing in the hedge," she said. "His nest of little ones was close by and he was happy; but you threw a stone at him and frightened him away. Grains of gold cannot be earned in that way. Try again. Perhaps today you will do better."

So the little boy set to work once more. He worked hard and after a while he lay down in the shadow of a tree to rest. He had not been there long when he felt a pricking sensation on his leg. He sprang up and found that he had been lying on an ant-hill. The ants had not been able to get to their nest and had taken means to punish the intruder.

"Stupid creatures!" shouted the little boy; and he ground his heel into the ant-hill.

Then he took up his bunch of grain and went home. For the third time his hopes were shattered. The wheat was wheat, and there was no gold.

The next day he went again to the field. This time the fairy did not appear. He thought over what had happened the day before. "Ah, I see!" he said to himself; "it was because I crushed the ant-hill. Well, my wheat will never be gold, but I must try to be good, just the same." And he went on with his gleaning, saying, "If my wheat is not to be gold, I must at least get wheat so that my mother can have bread this winter."

When at length he left the field the first stars were peeping out of the sky, and his bundle was unusually heavy. After a while he overtook an old woman who was also on the way to the village. She, too, had been

gleaning, and bore upon her shoulders a heap of grain that bent her feeble back nearly double.

"Mother," said the little boy, "your bundle is too heavy for you. Let me take it on one shoulder and put mine on the other. In that way they will balance each other and we shall both get on faster."

"Heaven bless thee, dear lad," said the old woman. "I am so tired I can hardly stand. 'Tis well that I have not far to go — only to the little hut yonder."

She gave the boy her bundle, and they plodded along together. Soon her humble dwelling was reached, and he went on followed by a shower of thanks.

When he reached home he found that his mother had been threshing out the grain he had already collected. She showed him a big bag nearly full, and exclaimed, —

"What you have there will surely be enough. You never brought home so much before."

Saying this she helped him to put his burden down and pointed to the fire-place where his supper was smoking on the hearth. All at once she cried out with surprise and let fall a handful of grain which tinkled on the floor with a peculiar, ringing sound.

"My son," she called, "this is not wheat. It is heavy, and cold, and yellow —"

"Mother, mother, can it be true?" the little boy exclaimed. He fell upon his knees and seized a head of wheat. The grain fell into his hands, heavy, and cold, and yellow — his wheat had at last turned to gold!

"Oh, the good fairy," cried the little boy. "I had forgotten all about her promise, and I did not think she would ever do anything for me after I had committed so many faults. Thank you, fairy; thank you."

"It is well," a silvery voice called from without the half open door. "I have not the power to repeat the gift; but be good just the same, and do not forget to visit the old woman you helped tonight."

The little boy slept soundly and the next morning he was early at the old woman's hut. She was already up and was counting her treasure with a trembling hand.

"No more need to work," she was saying. "I have enough here to support me all my

days. The thoughtful kindness of a little child has changed my wheat to gold.”—

Translated from the French by A. H. S.

Fritzie

One day Fritzie’s master, who had been away from the city for several days, came home and found no one, not even Fritzie, so he went to the telephone and calling up his office, asked if his fox terrier was there. They answered, “Yes, he is.” He told them to lift Fritzie up on the table and hold the receiver near his ear, then Fritzie’s master whistled through it and said in a loud voice, “Come right home, where are you.” The little dog jumped off the table and through the doorway and started on a run, never stopping until he jumped on his master’s knee. His master said he watched him flying along, his little white body close to the ground, no thought in that head but one.

Fritzie was left in an open carriage at the door of one of our high office buildings while his master went up to the seventh floor in the elevator. The master stopped quite a while talking and one of the men said, “Is that your dog?” “No,” he answered, “my dog is in my carriage downstairs.” As if in answer to that he looked down and saw his little fox terrier just about to jump on him, delighted to find his master. Upon inquiry he found the dog had tracked him to the elevator and was refused admittance, he ran up one flight and next to the elevator, then up another flight and another until the seventh floor was reached and then he tracked his master to the office door. — R. S. G.

HUMANE EDUCATION

As the weather grows colder humane men and women suffer more and more with sympathy for the chained dog. A dog kept out of doors needs freedom to run about and keep up his circulation. What is the use of a chained dog? To bark when strangers appear? I have watched two chained dogs in yards near Pine Ridge, our Dedham home, and the poor, restless creatures

bark at any and every little occurrence, — a child passing on the street; a team going by; another dog that is rejoicing in the blessedness of freedom. They do not distinguish between friend and foe, and are of far less use as watch dogs than if they were free. Sometimes one of these unhappy dogs barks all night, keeping light sleepers from needed rest. This particular dog has made far more disturbance in our neighborhood than all the League dogs put together, and I maintain that no man has a right to disturb his neighbors in this way, or to inflict such suffering on an animal that was never meant to be chained up and deprived of freedom.

A Catagonian Fairy Tale

Lelfora sat in the shadow of the pines gazing away into the distance. A strip of blue lake and a background of dark mountains, with the cool ice kisses of the snow queen still resting on their dusky heads could be seen between the branches of fir and pine. A squirrel scrambled up a rowan tree, and a cattle-bell tingled far in the woods.

Suddenly her reverie was broken, by a soft musical purring, as melodious as the murmuring song of the brooklet that ripples over the pebbles, and turning she beheld to her great astonishment, the tiniest, and yet the most beautiful cat that she had ever seen. She was hardly larger than an ordinary mouse, with shining white fur, soft as the silk of the corn, that came almost to the pine needles under her wee paws, and the soft, fluffy tail that lay coiled about its feet seemed not unlike the train of a great lady. But what held the girl’s attention was a curiously wrought crown of dewdrops that gleamed like unshed tears upon the forehead of the little beauty.

“Why that frown?” spoke the tiny thing. “Do you seek for adventure, or does your heart upbraid you because of cruelty to Skit this morning?”

Lelfora’s lips quivered, it was of Skit that she had been thinking. Poor little Skit. In a fit of anger she had hurled the kitten from her and now it lay moaning in its box at home.

“Yes,” continued the soft little voice, “I see, you are sorry because you hurt Skit. But listen, I, the Queen of the Catagonian Fairies,

have come to tell you that we are about to take Skit from you forever, and today you are to be tried in our court for your cruelty. But first your size must be as our own," and a tiny paw was lifted in the air.

Lelfora felt dazed. Could it be that the trees and grass were growing tall with such amazing rapidity, or was she becoming smaller. That blade of grass that a moment before she could have trampled under foot was now as high as her head, while the tiny cat that she had gazed at a moment before in amazement was quite as large as herself.

"Perhaps you wonder why I should come to seek you instead of sending a messenger. The fact is this, one of the laws of Catagonia is, 'Ask no cat to do for you, what you can do for yourself.' So we employ no messengers or servants while we remain idle. What we can do ourselves we do."

Lelfora felt her cheeks burn, for it was only that morning that she had persuaded her little sister to wait upon her while she sat playing with her dolls.

But the queen was continuing. "So you see that is why I came for you. There is a Carnival being held among us at present, and I disturb my people as little as possible about disagreeable matters. You will get a glimpse of it before we go to court, but now come and get on my back. We must hasten."

Before she realized it Lelfora was on that soft, furry back, traveling through the air at the speed of a meteor, and in less than what seems a moment's time they had come to Catagonia. Swiftly they hurry on. All is life and excitement. Ah, here are the Carnival Grounds, and the cats are dancing.

Merrily twang the guitars, and the tambourines rattle as they are swung aloft by soft, furry paws. The wild cries of a Catlandi dance ring out. Green eyes gleam, and black fur shines. The grace of panthers and the charm of wild, untamed, natural things is revealed in every movement.

"That is a nomadic race," remarks the guide, for the Queen has placed Lelfora in the care of a huge gray cat, while she hastened away to prepare for court . . . "Among you bipeds, such a race is called Gipsys. Here is the dance platform where the kittens of rank dance. The

old cats do not care much for it. There are some, even, that despise waltz music, but I doubt if they have ever been young, ever danced, or flung themselves like swimmers upon those bright waves of melody. Kittens listen to waltz music with yearning, looking into the future; old cats listen and recall the past, — but come, court will be waiting for us."

So running on through laughing, happy crowds of cats and kittens, they, at last, came to a cave, and upon entering Lelfora saw on all sides, cats stern and forbidding. At the far end of the room sat the queen, and to her the guide led the wretched little human and then withdrew.

Then spoke up one of them, evidently the judge. "You may be amazed because we hold no trial as you humans do, although it is called by that name and have no lawyers to state the facts to the jury. But the reason is this, we need none. All members of the jury know the facts exactly as they are, without being told, for the simple reason that the Catagonian Fairies know everything without being told. The decision has just been pronounced on you — it is this: We take Skit and you must suffer all that he would have suffered had we not come to his rescue. That is all. Guards conduct the criminal to the Outer World."

When Lelfora woke up on the pine needles the sun was sinking in a superb, blending of hues; scarlet and orange, pink and blue, and lemon-yellow streaks with splotches of intensest purple, but how she suffered. Wearily she dragged her aching limbs homeward, to find Skit gone, and then for two long weeks she was sick. The doctors could not explain; they felt confident that she had received a dreadful fall, but she knew better, she was only suffering what Skit would have suffered, had it not been for the Catagonian Fairies. When she recovered her ill temper was gone, and never again was she cruel to either animal or insect. — Pearl McCausland, Sacramento, Cal.

The mother who does not teach her children to be kind, and to feel pity for every creature that is cold, hungry, thirsty, or sick, is going to be very sorry for it by and by when she finds that her children are growing up into selfish, hard-hearted and even cruel men and women.

— A. H. S.

Tats

Tats lay on the bed at my side, his eyes fixed on the light, as if the flame held pictures for him not clear to my eyes.

He seemed lost in thought. I wondered what a cat could have requiring so much consideration, and thought I would give a penny to know what was passing in that little brain. Just then the old clock in the hall rang out the twelve of midnight. As the echo ceased, I remembered it was Christmas eve, also, that I had often been told that dumb animals were given power to speak during the mystic hour of that wondrous night. I thought I would try him.

"Tats," I called, "what are you thinking of?"

Tats turned his face towards me, and after several attempts to call into action his unused powers, to my great surprise, answered in a somewhat shaky voice:

"I am thinking of my race, of what it has been, of its glorious past, and its miserable condition at the present time. No animal ever received greater honor in the past, and, alas, none greater hatred and contempt in the present than has been accorded to my race."

"What do you mean?" I asked. "Are you not happy, Tats?"

"How can an intelligent cat be happy?"

"Why not, Tats? You have all you want to eat and drink and I even allow you to sleep here on my own bed. There are not many cats as comfortable, I can tell you."

"My dear mistress, I am not finding fault with you. You are most kind to me, and, as you say, few cats are as comfortable. Time was, however, when a cat called no one master. When kings and warriors knelt before a cat and did homage. But now — listen, my mistress. I am snug and warm at your side, but I can hear my poor friends crying aloud with cold and hunger this bitter night. Time was when no cat went cold or hungry. I have heard men boast that they were descended from kings. Cats are descended from the gods kings worshipped. Can you wonder that I am sad when I recall what my race has been and what we are now?"

"Tell me about it, Tats."

"It was many years ago, long before you and I began to live. My people had their home in a land far away from here. In that country the

people, kings and priests, as well as the common people, believed cats were divine. That they had the power to protect them from all harm, and also the power to destroy them if they wished. The name of this country was Egypt and it was occupied by a wonderful and powerful people. Many wise and learned men had their home there and young men from other lands were sent to learn from the Egyptians. They also built many fine palaces, temples, bridges and tombs. Their works of this kind have not been equalled since. Men of today think themselves pretty smart, but they cannot build as well as this people of so long ago.

"But great and wise as these people were, no man among them dared wrong a cat. Their finest buildings were those they built for cats to live in. Cats were fed on the best food in the land and men were payed to care for them. Even their king felt honored if a cat showed a fondness for him. No punishment was thought too severe for anyone that would hurt a cat. Boys did not torment cats for fun in Egypt. They would not have found it funny.

"Why, even to this day the remains of our temples can be seen in this land; great statues, too, showing how fond these people were of their cat-gods. Nor was Egypt the only place where my people were revered. Why, even in England it was considered a crime to kill a cat. To be sure, that was long ago; now my people are abused in England as they are here."

"But, Tats, you are not abused. Why do you speak as if you were?"

"I am not abused at home, dear mistress; but only the other day you wondered why my back was bleeding when I came in. I will tell you how it happened. When I went out that morning I found a dog not much larger than myself making himself quite at home in our garden. I told him to take his bones away from our place. While I was talking to him a boy, followed by a very large dog, came along. This boy told his dog to take me, and before I could see what he meant that great dog had his teeth in my back, and I knew he would kill me if I did not get away, so I wrenched myself free, but left the flesh in his teeth. That is the reason my back is so sore. How do you think that boy would have fared among the Egyptians?"

"My poor Tats, I wish the Egyptians had

him. But many people are very kind to cats, you know."

"Yes, indeed, and they are some of the most intelligent. Why, the great Richelieu was so fond of cats he used to carry them in his sleeve and pocket. It was quite unhealthy for anyone to harm one of his cats. And another friend of ours, that great Swiss painter, was so fond of us that his most beautiful pictures all have cats in them, while many of them are cats alone. He cared for many of our family and never tried to work without one at his side. But, my dear mistress, are we not worthy of all the love and care bestowed on us? Take our own case. Do I not protect you from the hordes of rats and mice in this neighborhood? I heard Mrs. J. tell you she found a mouse in her shoe when she wished to put it on. Do you have any such trouble?"

"Well, no, Tats, I should hope not. You do keep the house pretty clean, that is true, Tats."

"And have not cats done their share toward making history, too?"

"How so, Tats?"

"Have you forgotten the part taken by cats in that great battle between the Persians and Egyptians? Do you not know that one of the islands in the Gulf of Mexico was settled by cats, that they were the only settlers for many years? Why, their descendants are living there still."

"You mean Cat Island, I suppose?"

"Yes, Cat Island. And are not we of this generation doing our full share toward the comfort of humanity? How many of our people do you think give their lives each year that ladies may have 'beautiful imported furs'? To be sure, they might be of better quality if those same ladies would order the starving cats at their doorways given the food they need. Have you forgotten what comforters cats are to lone maidens in the dark? And there are the free concerts given by my friends and in which I should take part if you were not so opposed to my being of the troupe."

"But, Tats, why have you not talked with me before?"

"Because, my dear mistress, you have not asked me anything. There is only one hour in the year, when animals may use the human speech and then only if questioned by one of the

human race. I cannot say much more to you now, for my hour is nearly gone. I can, however, tell you this. You are right in supposing that I understand much that is said before me, as I have heard you declare; indeed, I always understand you."

"My poor Tats, if I had only known, we would have had many talks. But now that I do know we will never miss another hour, and you will have the best care I can give after this. Now go to sleep, my pet; the clock is about to strike.—E. K. J., in the *Christian Intelligencer*."

CARE OF OUR USEFUL FRIENDS

Prayers for the New Year

O Blessed Jesus, Who hast taught us that not a sparrow falleth without the knowledge of our Father in Heaven, quicken our sensibilities, we beseech Thee, with a recognition of His watchful care for the fishes of the sea, the birds of the air, and the beasts of the field, and teach us to bear ever in mind our accountability to our Father in Heaven for our treatment of His dumb creatures, so that we may always deal justly and mercifully towards them, remembering that He will exact of us a strict account of our stewardship of them in the Last Great Day. Grant this, we beseech Thee, O Merciful Saviour, Amen.

O Thou, Who didst call Thyself the Good Shepherd when Thou wast upon earth going about doing good, breathe we beseech Thee, the Spirit of loving solicitude into the hearts of our people, and especially our rulers, for the brute creation, that they may, by wise and humane legislation, enact laws which will banish from among us every form of unnecessary pain, inflicted upon the animals placed by Thee under our sovereign control. Grant this, we beseech Thee, O Tender Saviour, Amen.—By the Rt. Rev. Dr. George F. Seymour, Bishop of Springfield.

Save the Birds

A very strong leaflet has been issued by the Massachusetts Audubon Society under the above title which we advise everyone who is at all interested in this subject to send for and read and circulate. Indeed, thousands of copies of this little four-page circular should be sent out in every direction. In it Mr. Dutcher says

that the labor of the farmer and the fruit grower is repaid by products to the value of \$2,460,107,-454 per year, but that insects and rodents destroy products annually to the astonishing money value of \$200,000,000 even with the birds as protectors. "Just imagine," Mr. Dutcher says, "what the additional loss would be were all the birds destroyed. They are fast being exterminated," he continues, "and unless the agriculturists awaken to the gravity of the situation and demand that no more birds be killed for any purpose whatever, they will soon feel the shortsightedness in actual dollars and cents."

"The birds are now killed for two purposes only," says Mr. Dutcher, "for food and for millinery ornaments. For food only the game birds are shot, and those only during restricted portions of the year. So they do not materially affect the result." We venture to differ from Mr. Dutcher here, as it is well known that hunters, particularly the Italians, manage to shoot birds at any time during the year. The Italians have exterminated, practically, the birds in Italy and now are doing their best to exterminate them in this country.

Mr. Dutcher goes on to show up the terrible evil of the fashion of wearing feather ornaments and says, "There is no excuse for shooting birds for millinery ornaments as their value for this purpose is far less than their value as insect destroyers. Contrast the difference in the money value of these two interests. By the census of 1890 we find that the total capital invested in the millinery and lace trade is \$22,939,430, and the cost of the materials used that year was \$27,345,118. Place the two interests side by side, thirteen billions as against twenty-three millions. . . . I ask, and I wish I could shout my question so loud and clear that every man, woman and child in this broad land could hear it: Have the milliners with their paltry interests any right to jeopardize the safety of the agricultural interests? Ponder! A difference of only one per cent in the annual product of our farms and gardens amounts to more than the entire millinery and lace interests in the United States. Will the farmers and fruit growers remain silent much longer and permit the birds, their best friends, to be killed that a trifling interest like the millinery trade may make a few more dollars

at the sacrifice of so much that is beautiful as well as of economic value?"

Again we venture to take up a question here. The millinery trade would not suffer any loss if the fashion of wearing feathers were to be given up, for bonnets and hats must be made and trimmed just the same, and the only difference would be that other ornamentation would be substituted. No one would suffer financial loss but the boys and men who go out to shoot the birds for the milliners who must have them or, as a milliner recently replied to me when I expressed sorrow at seeing every hat in her show case trimmed with feathers, "I must go out of business." Where, then, does the fault lie? Plainly on the women who continue to encourage the fashion of wearing feathers by purchasing a hat with any sort or kind of feathers or quills excepting the ostrich feathers, on it. Women cannot and will not discriminate. The milliners assure them that the feathers they see are all of game birds or domestic fowls, so they buy them and keep up a fashion that means death to millions of birds and injury beyond all words to vegetation. Until a law is made forbidding the wearing of any feathers whatever, the slaughter of birds will go on, and the Audubon Societies should not admit to membership any woman who wears even the wing of a domestic fowl. For the situation is extremely serious and can only be met by extreme measures.

Frank Chapman, in a leaflet on the extermination of the beautiful white heron says: "A Florida plume hunter once told the writer that with two or three assistants he had killed 300 egrets in one afternoon; another boasted that he and his party had killed 130,000 birds, mostly plume birds, during one season. . . . Laws prohibiting their destruction are valueless. Until laws are passed forbidding the wearing of aigrettes the salvation of the heron rests solely in women's hands."

Until laws are passed forbidding in the interests of agriculture, the wearing of any feathers we cannot hope to save our birds. We have tried the way of persuasion, of education, of entreaty for a number of years and still the slaughter continues. Let us go to the extreme

now, since nothing else answers, and save our birds, our trees, fruit and vegetables.

In a recent daily paper a foreign despatch stated that the olive crop was so great a failure that it would affect the price of olives and of olive oil very seriously. This was due to an unusual number of insects that preyed upon the olive trees, and these insects had it all their own way since the birds have been almost exterminated throughout Italy. So here again is a great money loss and scarcity of an article of food that is much prized because pot hunters and plume hunters have killed the birds that would have eaten the insects.

A recent interesting article in the *Boston Herald* may have escaped some of our readers. It is well worth a wide circulation. Edward H. Forbush, New England agent of the National Association of Audubon Societies, says:

"Destruction of trees and crops always follows extreme depletion of the numbers of the smaller native birds. Moreover, conservation of birds produces the opposite effect.

"In 1894-5 I made experiments to attract birds into an old orchard in Medford. Food and nesting boxes brought the birds to the orchard in considerable numbers. The succeeding summer apple tree insects such as cankerworms and the tent caterpillars were abundant and stripped the foliage from most of the apple trees in the town; but mine remained in good foliage and bore almost the only full crop of fruit in town that year.

"Details of this experiment are given in a bulletin entitled 'Birds as Protectors of Orchards,' which is published and distributed free by the Massachusetts State Board of Agriculture. Similar experiments year after year have demonstrated clearly the dollars-and-cents value of the birds in orchard and woodland. But while my observations were under way the German Baron Hans von Berlepsch was carrying out, unknown to me, a number of more extensive and painstaking experiments in bird preservation on his great estate at Seebach. He secured results there far more striking than my modest efforts produced here.

"He studied the methods of attracting and feeding birds and those of constructing nesting boxes and preparing bird shelters. He carried out the game preserve principle with birds until he had breeding on his home park of 12 acres about 1000 small birds, two pairs of wild ducks, one pair of moor hens and one of grebes. Three hundred nesting boxes hung up in his grounds are all inhabited by birds. In his 400 acres of woodland there are 2000 nesting boxes and everywhere shrubbery is so trimmed as to make dense and safe nesting places for the birds, while the enemies of birds are destroyed by the keeper of the estate.

"The results of this work are that the estates of the Baron von Berlepsch are free from insect injury when others suffer. In 1905 the woods in the country round about were stripped by caterpillars of *Tartrix viridana*. The wood of von Berlepsch was untouched and stood out among the surrounding woods like a green oasis. At a distance of a little more than a quarter of a mile from it the first traces of the plague were apparent and a quarter of a mile farther on it appeared in full force. This is just about the distance that small birds carry food to their young. The Prussian government foresters have now adopted similar measures with like results. And the National Association of Audubon Societies is now introducing into this country for experimental purposes some very successful, scientifically constructed nesting boxes and feeding appliances now in use by Baron von Berlepsch with the expectation of producing similar results here."

Public Meeting

The annual meeting of the Animal Rescue League will be held at Park Street Church, Tuesday, February 9 at 3.30 p.m. There will be one or more speakers and tea will be served at the close of the meeting. A large attendance is desired.

The Fair accounts are so nearly settled that we can call the result about \$3800. When all the bills are paid it may be a little more or less but we fear that our expectation of reaching four thousand will not be realized.

LEAGUE NEWS AND NOTES



Rascal

My name is Rascal, though I do not know why for I am told I am really a good dog. I am a League dog, or rather was one. I live at the Robert Gould Shaw House, 6 Hammond Street, Roxbury; the new Settlement House for work among the negroes of Boston.

Last July while I was at the League with a number of other dogs, my owner, Miss Augusta P. Eaton, came there one day and we all heard her say to Dr. Sullivan: "I want a dog!" Of course, there was great excitement among us, for we wondered which one would go with her. After a great deal of talking I saw Dr. Sullivan point at me and heard him say: "He will make a good dog!" Then I was led out and went off with my owner.

The Settlement House is a very busy place; people coming and going all the time. I have my part to do, for each time the doorbell rings I have to go and see who is there, and if I think they ought to come in, I let them; but if not, I make considerable fuss about it.

If a man comes in to the office to talk to my mistress, I always sit close to her, so as to be ready if there is any trouble, for I don't want

any harm to come to her. At night I sleep in the kitchen, which is on the first floor, and if I hear "anything doing," I give the alarm. I heard my mistress tell someone the otherday: "Rascal is the most devoted friend I ever had." Well, that made me very happy, for though I try to like everybody, I love her best of all. We are great chums; I go everywhere with her, except to church; I expect some day she will take me there. I don't like to have her go anywhere without me, and when she does, I watch and watch for her return, and how glad I am to have her get back.

A great many children come to the House to clubs and classes, and I always have to make them a little call and see if everything is going on all right. I like them and they like me.

This is all I can think of to tell about myself. I am very happy, and very thankful that I came here to live; and I guess my Mistress is just as happy and thankful to have me. Shall I tell you why I think so. She has told me so!

Rascal.

The response made to the appeal for help in making a little celebration at Christmas time in the League Boarding Stable and at Pine Ridge was very generous. Donations in money sent as a Christmas gift amounted to \$200. Besides the money we received one barrel and about two bushels of carrots, quite a number of boxes of lump sugar, a box of apples, generous contributions of cake and candy, a box of warm, useful clothing from the Jamaica Plain Needle-Woman's Society through Mrs. R. M. Morse, a fine present of chickens from Mr. J. T. Morse, Jr., also a few games, books and toys. We have tried to send a note of thanks to every giver and hope no one has been omitted.

Saturday afternoon, December 26, the children of the Riverdale School, which is very near Pine Ridge, were entertained by Mr. and Mrs. Huntington Smith at their bungalow, when they sat around the open fire, had corn popped over the glowing logs, heard and told little stories of birds and animals, sang together and had ice cream, cake and candy to eat and to carry home. As the children arrived they were taken to the barn which had been decorated over the horses' stalls with evergreen boughs, and en-

joyed very much giving the horses carrots, apples, and lumps of sugar in which latter treat the dogs participated. Close to the porch of the bungalow a "bird table" has been built and the children were much interested in seeing the feast of bread crumbs, cracked corn and millet spread out, while lumps of suet were placed higher up in the trees. Before the children went home all had promised to feed the birds this winter and do all they could to protect them from danger. About thirty guests were present, mostly children.

On Sunday, December 27, at four in the afternoon, between fifty and sixty men, women and children assembled in the Reading Room of the League Boarding Stable. The first thing on the program was a short and cheerful talk from Mr. Julian Codman. Miss Katherine Foote then played and sang two songs after which Mrs. Huntington Smith showed about thirty lantern slides, most of them relating to the birth and early life of Christ, the pictures being used as a text to show how close is the connection between mankind and the fourfooted animals, his helpers, and the duty we owe to them. Miss Foote followed the lecture with songs; Miss Mary Alden Thayer also sang and led the audience in singing familiar hymns. Refreshments were passed around and the entertainment closed by an invitation to the guests to visit the horses on the lower floors. About fifty horses were in their stalls and it was a happy sight to see the interest displayed by men, women and little children in feeding the horses with lumps of sugar. One little boy rode triumphantly on the back of a big horse as he went the length of the stable to the watering trough. The horses seemed to enjoy all this as much as their visitors, while some of the men who owned the horses took great pleasure in leading them out and showing how gentle they were. The carrots were given Christmas eve and it was a pity that all who had contributed them could not have seen how the horses enjoyed them. Another treat of carrots was reserved for New Year's Day. Mrs. Smith was assisted in the stable party by Dr. Frank Sullivan, Mr. Robert F. Miller and members of her former "Kindness Club," besides those friends before mentioned.

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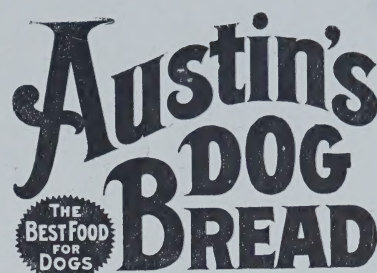
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